

VOLUME II.

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VOL. II. NOVEMBER 1ST, 1883 NO. 44.

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CAPTAIN D. Seymour, of the American whaling bark, *Hope On*, is the latest victim of that malady known to nautical persons as the "sea serpent," to Western statesmen as the "snakes," and to the infirmarians of our public hospitals as the "D. T." In a very violent paroxysm, which was uncontrollable by bromides, he saw, off the island of St. Elmo, the same old barrel-headed monster used by all temperance lecturers as a warning, embellished with "two unicorn-shaped horns and a tail divided into two parts." This is a very sad case, but it would be interesting, from a scientific point of view, to know whether it was at Hoboken or Jersey City the Captain loaded up his private locker.

* * *

WE have by telegraph the announcement that LORD LANSDOWNE, on arriving at Rideau Hall, was greeted with a kiss from his wife. This tremendous information has already had its effect upon international affairs generally.

* * *

THERE was no game at the Thompson Street Poker Club on Saturday evening. Mr. GUS JOHNSON was engaged to sing at a revival in Hoboken; Professor BRICK wrote a note to the effect that his coal man had prevented his recuperating sufficiently to play on the cash system; and Mr. RUBE JACKSON, who had promised to call upon Elder Boss JONES, of Florida, and steer him against the game, failed to put in an appearance.

The Rev. THANKFUL SMITH was relating the experiences of the previous meeting, when, with the saddened air of a man who had lost his grip on his reputation, Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS and the odor of a Bowery cigar entered together.

"Whad de madder, Toot?" inquired Mr. SMITH with the easy familiarity of a man in luck. "Yo' looks 'spontent."

"I done loss dat sixty-fo' dollahs I winned on de hoss race," responded Mr. WILLIAMS, gloomily.

"Sho!" exclaimed everybody present.

"Yezza," continued Mr. WILLIAMS, addressing himself exclusively to Mr. SMITH, "an' I done loss it in bettin' agin' mokes, too. *Dat's* whad makes de remorse bite."

The deepest interest having been aroused, Mr. WILLIAMS proceeded to enlighten the members as follows:

"I was stannin' in a do' on Sixth Aveyou, an' up comes a wite man in a plug hat, an' sezee, 'Why heel-lo, Mister ROBINSON, how is yo.'"

"Bunko," remarked Mr. SMITH, with the air of one who had had experience.

"Dat's whad *I* thought," said Mr. WILLIAMS, "but I kept shet. So I sez to him, 'How is yo'?"

"Ise a stranger yar, Mister ROBINSON, sezee, 'an' I mus' say I never did see so many mokes togidder as dey is on Sixth Aveyou. Dey's mo' mokes dan wite pussons.' 'Oh no,' sez I, 'dey's mo' wite pussons dan mokes.' 'I'll bet yo' two to one dey is n't,' sezee. 'All right,' sez I. So off he goes an' comes back wid a fren' who weighed 'bout two hundred, an' had a bad eye."

"Yo' had a sof' spec," observed Mr. SMITH.

"Den," continued Mr. WILLIAMS, not noticing the interruption, "sezee, 'Now we'll bofe put up a hundred dollahs wif dis gentleman, and stan'yar in de do'. Every wite man passes, he'll give yo' two dollahs, an' every moke passes, he'll give me a dollah.'"

"Well!" said Mr. SMITH, who was growing excited.

"Well! fust dey comes along two wite men, and de man wif de bad eye says dat was fo' dollahs to my credit. Den comes six wite men an' he say dat's twelve dollahs mo' for me. Den comes along a buck niggah and den I lose a dollah. Den fo' wite men an' I win eight. Den fo' wite men mo'; den one niggah; den two niggahs, den seven wite men, and de man wif de bad eye, he say I was fohty-two dollahs ahead."

"De soffes' lay I ever hear," said Mr. SMITH, whose eyes were glistening over Mr. WILLIAMS' winnings.

"Den comes along fo' wite men," said Mr. WILLIAMS, and de man wif a bad eye he say dat was eight dollahs mo', an' *den*—here Mr. WILLIAMS paused, as if his recollections had overpowered him.

"An' den?" echoed everybody, wildly excited.

"Why, den," said Mr. WILLIAMS, desperately, "dey comes around de cornah—"

"De cops?" breathlessly asked Mr. SMITH.

"A niggah funer'l," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

* * *

THAT a Baltimore man should have been selected to award the mule prize at the Horse Show, will, it is believed, set reconstruction back fifteen years.

* * *

EXTRACTS from Editorials of our highly esteemed contemporaries on the circulation question :

"MERELY pausing to pleasantly remark that the editor of the New York — is a liar, we," etc.—*N. Y. Times*.

"FOR Mr. —, who runs the New York —, to speak the truth or be decent in his habits, is a moral, mental and physical impossibility."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"OUR loathsome and slimy contemporary, the New York —, says recently, in a brazen and impudent paragraph, that," etc.—*N. Y. World*.

"IF the purulent idiot who wrote the above, and who runs his vile sheet in the interest of," etc.—*Herald*.

"LET the ramshackle paralytic who edits the New York —, produce from his office a handsomer man than Mr. HOLMAN, and we will give him five dollars."—*N. Y. Sun*.



L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Mrs. Van Kantaloupe. YES, I—I CONSENT TO MY DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE TO YOUR SON, MR. PUMPKYNS, BUT OF COURSE OUR FAMILY PRIDE—WE MUST LOOK TO THE FUTURE, YOU KNOW—OUR FAMILY PRIDE—

Mr. Pumpkyns. UNQUOTEABLE IN THE MARKET, MADAM. MY SON HAS N'T ANY FAMILY PRIDE BECAUSE HE HAS N'T ANY FAMILY, BUT HE *has* GOT FOURTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND, *cash*, AND ME TO BACK HIM UP.

Mrs. Van K. BUT THE FUTURE—POSTERITY, MR. PUMPKYNS—

Mr. P. POSTERITY, MADAM, IT WOULD BE SAFE FOR US TO ASSUME, WOULD RATHER HAVE THE CASH THAN THE PRIDE. GIVE THEM THE CASH AND THEY 'LL GET THE PRIDE FAST ENOUGH. IS IT A GO?

[*A "go" it was.*]

RONDEAU.

IN THE TELEPHONE CLOSET.

HELLO! Hello! My darling Nell,
I know your touch upon the bell;
It thrilled, as often does my heart,
When you, your loving glances dart.
I can't hear, dearest. Louder! Yell!

Speak slower, loved one, you must spell,
For what you say, I cannot tell,
We are so *very* far apart—
Hello! Hello!

I'm at the office, and must sell—
What do you say? To go to—well?
Good gracious! Tell me whom thou art?
"Shut up, young feller, and depart!
I want the druggist—calomel!"

Hello! Hello!

H. L. SATTERLEE.

"ROBINSON," said a friend to him at the club, "you remember, of course, that what I told you yesterday is *strictly confidential*. I saw it in this week's *House Journal*, but please do n't mention it to a soul, as I would n't have the report circulated for anything in the world."

SEVERAL SCRAPS OF PAPER.

I.

(A Letter from Mrs. Parvenu, Shelter Island, to Mrs. Nocash, Newport.)

SHELTER ISLAND, Aug. 1, 188-

My dear Emma :

AT last we have arrived at this delightful spot where we expect to enjoy ourselves thoroughly during August. The first person I met when I stepped off the steamer was Mrs. Dr. Killeen, who is here with the de Thé-Carts. * * * * Speaking of the de Thé-Carts reminds me that there is a striking resemblance between Lord Tinchaser, of whom you will remember I spoke, as being so exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Henry Tartboy, at Newport last summer, and Josie de Thé-Cart. * * * * Oh, dear, Jim is calling me to fix his cravat for him, so I must close. With much love,

Your affectionate sister,
JENNIE PARVENU.

II.

(A Letter from Mrs. Nocash, Newport, to her bosom friend, Ellen Blasé, Mt. Desert.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 6, 188-

Dearest Ellen :

NEWPORT is just splendid this summer. What with Tennis Parties, Fox Hunts and Dinners, I am almost tired to death, but it's lovely just the same. * * * * * I had a letter from Jennie yesterday. She says that * * * * * and Josie de Thé-Cart and Lord Tinchaser are awfully like each other. I always said Josie was an aristocratic looking girl.

* * * * * Ever yours, EMMA NOCASH.

III.

(A Letter from Ellen Blasé, Mt. Desert, to her Fiancé, Jack Longpocket, New York.)

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 12, 188-

My dear Darling :

* * * * * I think you are horrid for not coming up. There's a real lovely man here, Lord Tinchaser. I might fall in love with him only Emma Nocash just wrote me that he and Josie de Thé-Cart like each other awfully, and I would n't like to cut Josie out. Still you'd better look out for yourself, you dear old * * * * * and come up soon to

Your own ELLEN.

IV.

(Jack Longpocket, N. Y., to his chum, George De Groom, Schroon Lake.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 14, 188-

Dear George :

NEW YORK is as hot as the hinges of Alexandria just now. Nothing is going on and yet I have to stay here in this sweltering old hole, envying you your jolly times up in the Adirondacks. Still, if I could get off I would n't go to the Adirondacks. Coz why? Bar Harbor contains the sole attraction for me at present. * * * * * The latest from that charming resort is that Lord Tinchaser is dreadfully gone over that snub-nosed de Thé-Cart girl. Should n't wonder if there was an engagement in that quarter soon. Money, dear boy, money!

Write soon.

Sincerely, JACK.

V.

(George De Groom, Schroon Lake, to Henry Tartboy, Boston, Mass.)

SCHROON LAKE, Aug. 20, 188-

Dear Hal. :

JUST heard from Jack of Lord Tinchaser's engagement to Josie de Thé-Cart. I didn't know your friend was after that kind of game. Still Josie's got lots of tin, and I suppose your gilt-edged nobleman knows what he's about.

Come up soon if you can. Immense shooting.

Yours,

G. DE G.

VI.

(Telegram from Henry Tartboy, Boston, to Lord Tinchaser, Mt. Desert.)

BOSTON, Aug. 25, 188-

George Augustus Fitzwilliam, Lord Tinchaser, Rodick's, Bar Harbor:

JUST heard news. Congratulate you. Best match of season. TARTBOY.
Collect 45c.

VII.

(Telegram. Lord Tinchaser to Henry Tartboy.)

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 26, 188-

Henry Tartboy, Esq., Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.:

WHAT news? What match?

TINCHASER.

Collect 27c.

VIII.

(Henry Tartboy to Lord Tinchaser.)

BOSTON, Aug. 28, 188-

George Augustus Fitzwilliam, Lord Tinchaser.:

ARENT you engaged to Josie de Thé-Cart? So reported. TARTBOY.
Paid 43c.

IX.

(Telegram. Lord Tinchaser to Henry Tartboy.)

Henry Tartboy, Esq., Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.:

WHO the devil is Josie de Thé-Cart? I've a wife and three children in England.

TINCHASER.

Collect 72c.

X.

Remark of Lord Tinchaser to his valet, Henry Smith :

"Y-YA-AS, this isa-aw-most-aw-awful country aw. These Amerwican-aw-heirwesses are-aw-quite too awfully anxious to marwy a-aw-title, ye know. Henwy, me boy-aw, I must return home, but y-you can be-aw his-aw-Lordship faw a while durwing-my aw-absence. You can marwy a-aw-fawtune and then we-aw—why, we can swap-aw-awff again when you return to aw-England. I'll l-lend you my-aw-name faw hawlf the aw fawtune, donchu see?"
They swapped.

XI.

(Clipped from N. Y. Herald two months later.)

MARRIED.

TINCHASER—MONEYBAGS. In St. George's Church, on Wednesday, December —, by the Rev. John Ruddynose, Minnie, daughter of the late James Moneybags, to George Augustus Fitzwilliam, Lord Tinchaser, of Court Intheact, Devon, England. No cards.

XII.

(Clipped from N. Y. Sun, a month later.)

A TERRIBLE scandal has just come to light. The so-called Lord Tinchaser, with whom the lovely heiress, Minnie Moneybags, eloped last winter, is an imposter. * * * * * The real Lord Tinchaser, who has lately come into a large fortune, writes to the London *Times*, stating that he has reason to believe his lately discharged valet, Henry Smith, assumed his name in America for the purpose of furthering some nefarious scheme. * * * * * Lord Tinchaser was at home in England last December. * * * * * We are forced to the sad conclusion that the popular Miss Moneybags has fallen a victim to the wiles of an unprincipled imposter.

J. K. BANGS.

Dux folmina facti.—A woman at the bottom of it.



BAS-RELIEFS FROM THE MODERN ATHENS.

ATTRIBUTED TO A PERIOD IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING THE
FINAL INVASION OF THE BARBARIANS.

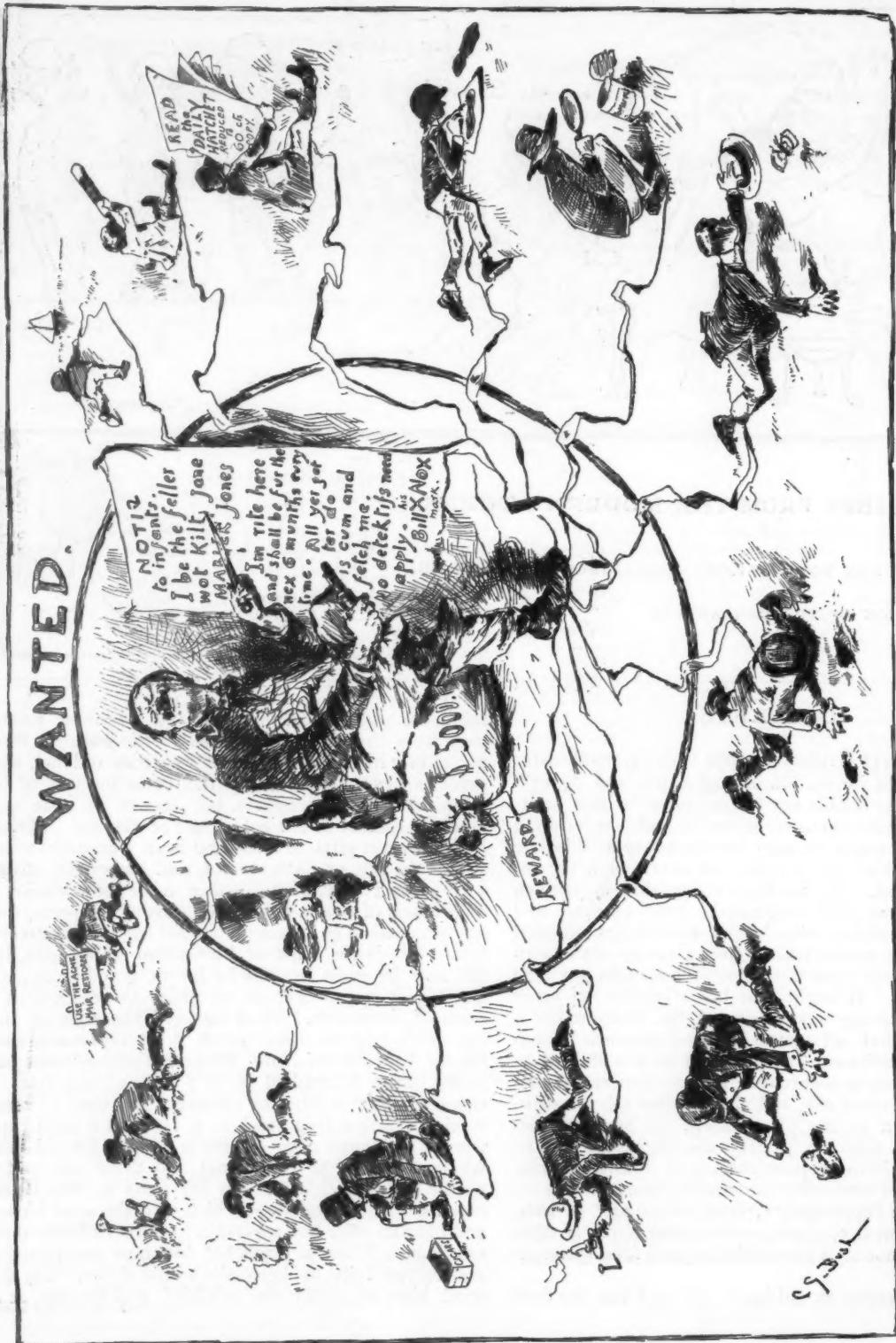


OLD HATS.

THE dawn of civilization, says Col. Ingersoll, dates from the innovation of suspenders and "plug" hats. Neither Buckle nor Guizot refer to this startling fact in their exhaustive histories, and why it should give to a pagan to make the discovery at this late day is a problem that puzzles and overwhelms the antiquarian mind. If Col. Ingersoll would win renown as an antiquist and historian, he must be exact and state as accurately as may be the style of hat adopted when the race was reclaimed from a savage state, with a few reflections upon the shape of hat-racks in vogue in those days. It would also be interesting to know if the first savage who sheltered his scalp under a chimney-pot hat ran against clothes-lines while perambulating in back yards, and whether he was obliged to "wet" his hat, in accordance with an imperative custom of the present day, and also whether the primitive hat was worn to the place where the heathen worshipped, and made to perform the office of a contribution box. If these questions are set down as puerile, irrelevant and unworthy of consideration, it may be accounted an expression of pique on the part of individuals who wear old hats, under whose cover is done an infinite amount of loose thinking and false generalization.

Yet why despise an old hat? Are old hats the final

refuge of sad-eyed scholarship and worn-out profligracy from the slings and arrows of the world? Respectability hides in a gig and wears an old hat, and pride is never humbled by the consciousness of its dilapidated felt or beaver, but reveals its true and essential quality in the rakish set of the hat. Honor him for great gifts of mind and heart who dares cling to an old felt or chimney-pot, and passes hat stores with never a stray, wistful glance in the show windows. St. Francis of Assisi, who called poverty his pride, was not ashamed to go to mass in an old hat with a tattered brim. So, in the spirit of Franciscan philosophy, let old hats be worn proudly by lovers, gray-beards and titled gentlemen. Let us recognize the old hat as a mark of distinction. What signifieth the style of the hat so long as the head giveth it an expression that cannot be counterfeited? Suppose the band slips off, or the crown is crushed in by a falling brick from a tipping hod or a tottering chimney, or a gust of wind carries it into a frog-pond, or it receives a mild baptism in the gentle rain. There is a limbo for old hats where they may be ironed out and dried out, and a needle and thread may repair the rents in their faded crowns. Also hats show which way the wind blows, and old hats offer less resistance to Boreas's blasts than new hats. When a man's hat becomes antiquated a stiff breeze fails to keep him within doors. Let the wind blow and play the mischief with his hat, as it



CRIME VERSUS DETECTION.

"THE ABLEST DETECTIVES IN THE COUNTRY ARE AT WORK UPON THE CASE."—*Daily Paper.*

tosses and swirls a boy's kite ; he chuckles at the thought that his old friend is none the worse for its mad gambols.

But hatters raise an outcry against the habit of wearing old hats. Of course, for hatters are money-getters, not philosophers. The world would thrive better were there fewer hatters and more philosophers. An old hat is never a badge of poverty, but sets penury at defiance, and is a fitting rebuke to false pride that struts about in a threadbare coat, and spends its last bank-note for a new hat in a feeble and futile effort to affect the mien of a gentleman. The notion that gentlemen should wear the latest style of dress hats, and that old hats, after serving as targets for pop-guns and bean-shooters, should be consigned to garrets whence they may be doled out to tramps and rag-peddlers, is a priggish whim and fit theme for the satirist's pen and the caricaturist's pencil. Some day it will be demonstrated that wisdom encases its head in an old hat, and that folly hides its ass's ears under the gaudy head-covering prescribed by fashion. It may be the day is not far distant when it will be the fashion to wear old hats, and some unborn D'Orsay or Beau Brummel will dismiss the rag-picker and old-hat man from his door with a cuff and a kick, while fashionable hatters will clear off their shelves, put up their shutters and engage in a less precarious occupation.

And how tenderly a man cares for the old hat which has sheltered his head from the storms of many winters ! He invests it with the spirit of romance. As a traveler treasures his stick carved with names and dates, mottoes and inscriptions, so a lover of the æsthetic in hats lingers over his old *chapeau*, the souvenir of departed days and a silent witness of the festal scenes that have graced life's pathway. He loves to watch it tilt the shoulder of a high-backed chair, sitting by his fireside in the twilight of a winter evening, or to remove it gently from its lonesome peg on the wall, cock it into fantastic shapes and tip it deferentially to the ghosts of by-gone friends and troops of phantom ladies. Wind and rain may beat upon its gable ; dust may settle in the creases and indentations left by Time's gaunt and bony finger ; moths may snuggle in its soft folds, and may be less binding on its frayed edge than Susan Fisher found on Lucy Locket's lost pocket ; but an old hat is a hat for a' that, and it more suitably adorns the head of a gentleman than the noodle of a tramp.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

THE coming man.—The procrastinator.

A FAUX pas.—Her father.

ENTRE nous.—He too.

THAT he who runs may read.—The score-board.

THROUGH thick and thin.—A Boston east-wind.

THE wrong man in the write place.—The inefficient clerk.

AS GOOD as gold.—Gould's cheque.



A SUSCEPTIBLE BACHELOR.

" SO, Arthur, you say you 're not married,—
Susceptible boy that you are ?
The rest of us, while you have tarried,
Have patronized Hymen's gay car :—
Ten years since we left the old college—
They tell me you 're rising to fame ;
Yet, with all your accession of knowledge,
Your affections remain just the same."

" Old fellow, I 'll make explanation :—
I 'm tired of this lone bachelor life,
And really do n't find reputation
A full substitute for a wife.
Now, gentle affection is one thing—
A sensation I often enjoy—
But an indescribable something
Is lacking in *that*, my dear boy.

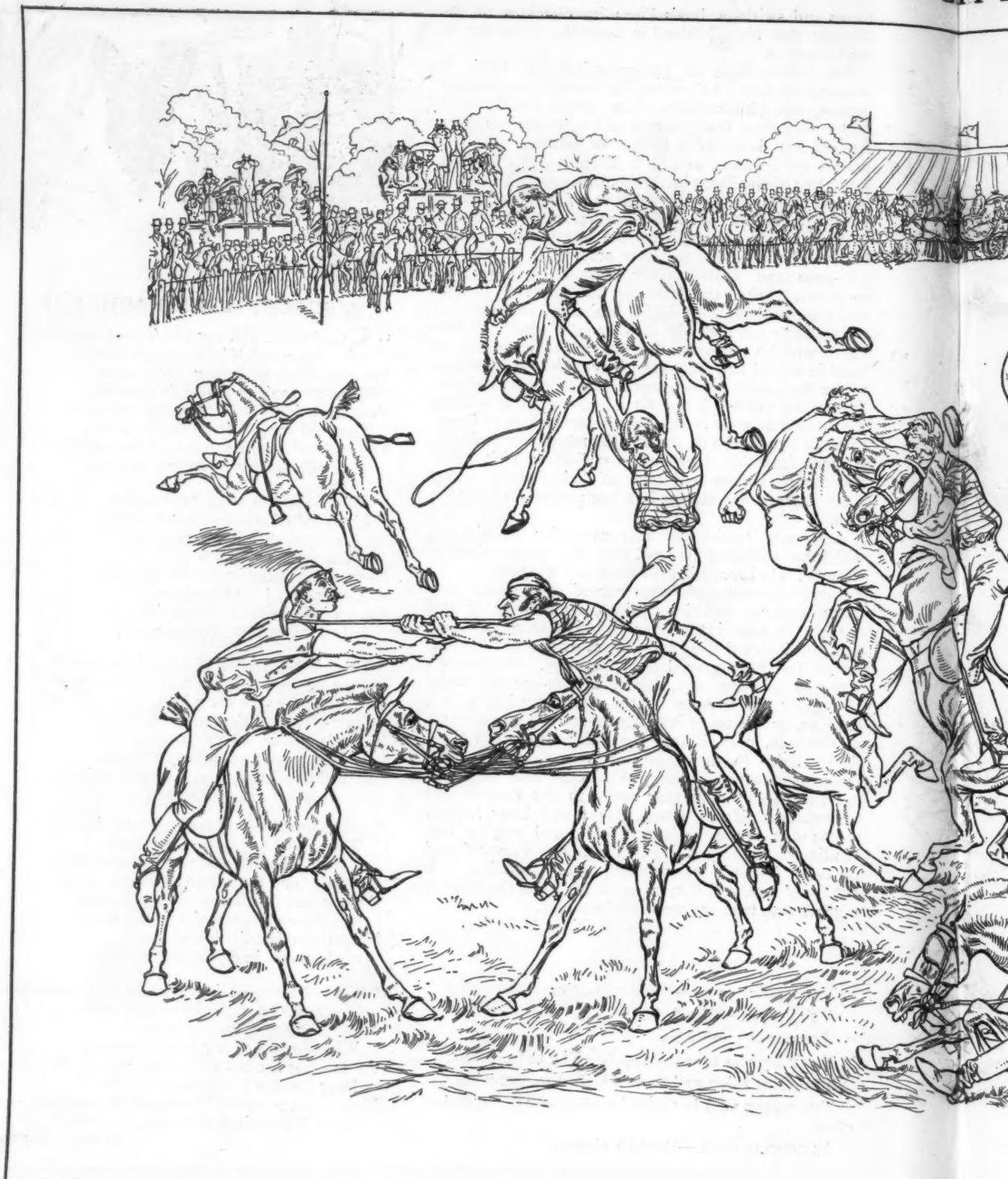
" There 's Nell, whom I take to the opera,—
Fine figure, blue eyes and light hair—
She 's equally nice for a hop, or a
Tête-à-tête on the front stair ;
There 's Hattie, so very artistic,
Gentle Jane, and the gay Eleanor,
Learned Prudence, who 's quite atheistic,—
And all the rest of a score :—

" All charming—and really I love them ;
Would wed any one—for a time ;
Yet, if married life did not improve them,
Would long for a happier clime.
Each is fine for the mood or occasion ;
But for ever ?—the risk is too great.
I repel matrimonial invasion
And remain in my bachelor estate.

" What of Belle—bright country-born maiden—
The sweetheart of old college days ?
Even now boy Fancy is laden
With dreams of her lovable ways ;
All the rest are but toys of the dance, sir ;
Dear Belle, a companion for life :
Your hand ;—now I 'll whisper my answer—
She has promised to be my true wife."

ROBERT BRIDGES.

LIF



POL

WITH VARIAT

LIFE



GRAY-PARKER

POLO
WITH VARIATIONS.

COINCIDENCE.

IT was after a little dinner,
Over coffee, cigar and wine.
I had dined as befits a sinner,
For saints, as we know, do n't dine.

And the glow of that calm contentment
That follows a well-done deed
Precluded the fell resentment
That waits on the glut of greed.

Each *plat* had been simply blameless,
The service without a hitch—
And the palate is surely shameless
That Beaujolais fails to witch.

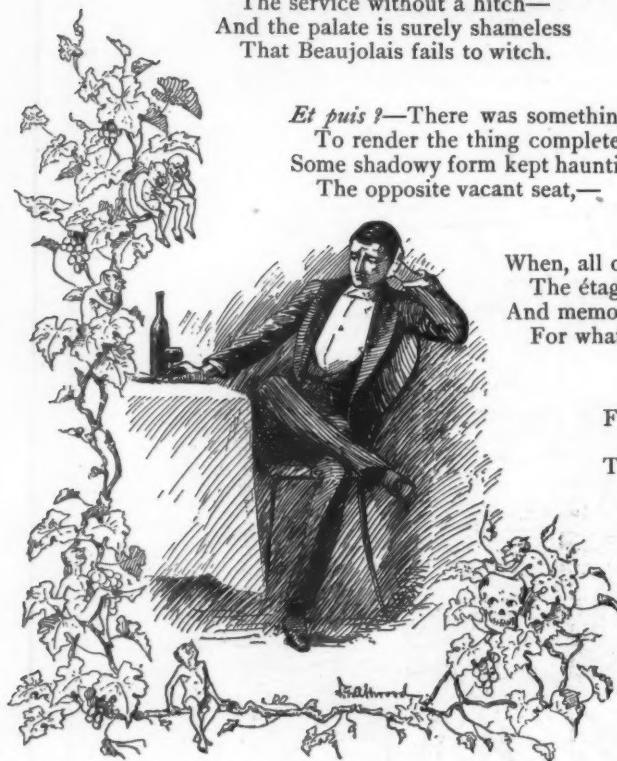
Et puis ?—There was something wanting
To render the thing complete ;
Some shadowy form kept haunting
The opposite vacant seat,—

When, all of a sudden, clearly
The étagère clock struck ten,
And memory paid me dearly
For what had been blank till then.

For that was the self-same hour,
In just such another place,
That robbed me of hope's best flower
And my queen of love's sweet grace.

So the wine on my lips turned bitter,
And my *reina* refused to light ;
And the restaurant's latest sitter
Went early to—dream that night !

JOHN MORAN.



AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. VIII.

Small learning struts where wisdom bows his head.
—*Semiramis, Act II.*

A LOATHSOME and Western contemporary recently, in speaking of New York society, said :

"Without exception, the foolish clique which by lavish entertainment and ridiculous extravagance leads New York Society, and to which all the lesser circles owe obsequious allegiance and devotion, is composed of brainless creatures who have never contributed the smallest mite to literature, science or art."

This is wantonly untrue, and shows that your average Western man has about as intimate a knowledge of New York Society as the average Eastern hen has of pork packing and kindred Western amusements. When he visits the metropolis he sees nothing

of it save in desultory flashes from the portico of his hotel, and the journalistic erudition from which he gleans his information when at home is usually served up by correspondents whose only capital is an enormous talent for lying, backed up by an immeasurable ignorance of the subject.

I will charitably suppose, however, that the writer of the above quoted paragraph believed what he wrote. In that case he certainly never has met nor heard of Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS.

This great genius is generically and specifically a society person. She is not a possessor of millions ; she is not a VAN VRIES nor a KOBBLESTON nor a WALLOON nor a DESMYTH, but has attained and maintained her position solely by Intellect. Intellect is Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS' strong point, and hence be-



tween SOCIETY and Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS there is a reciprocity which is beautiful to see.

Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS' Intellect, when it surges too violently for her personal comfort, finds a safety valve in the Drama. "The Thoughts which come to me in my quiet hours," says Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS with a sigh, "I set down in a little book which is always at my side." Of course the number of Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS' quiet hours, as every one knows, are few and far between, but the little book accumulates the Thoughts steadily, and by and by it grows too heavy to carry around. Then the Intellect begins to surge and boom and ferment, and the result is a Play.

Most dramatic authors, when incubating a plot, undergo a series of pangs which would have undermined the constitution of the most vigorous martyr of the middle ages. They rumple up their clothing, let down their back hair, bang furniture around, clutch wildly at the air, and undergo generally the most violent spasms. While working up a "situation" they are maudlin, and when putting the last touches to a "climax" are a prey to the most terrible form of rabies known to science. Any one who has the misfortune of having a poet in the family knows how dreadful the symptoms of an "inspiration" are, and yet a poet's "inspiration" is as mild, compared to the dramatist's, as our fashionable malaria is to Asiatic cholera.

When it is known that SARDOU invariably foams at the mouth

while devising a play; that BRONSON HOWARD writes in a straight-jacket, and that GILBERT was once compelled to throw seventeen babies out of a fourth story window before he could work himself up to the state of feeling necessary to the proper composition of a third act, it can be readily seen that play writing is no light matter. How illimitable then the Intellect which can, in a "quiet hour," evolve thoughts which shape themselves into a Play as readily as a company of militia will tumble into ranks on the tap of a drum, without fever, or fret or vexation.

Every author has his pet means of wooing inspiration. One famous novelist, as we know, wrote with a death's head before him; another took long and solitary walks in the forest; a third captured his best ideas while feeding his canary; a fourth used to jump over chairs, and a fifth never could write a line unless a vase of flowers stood before him. Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS shares this peculiarity alone with her brother composers. In her quiet hours she finds her Thoughts come most freely when a French dictionary and a volume of French plays, preferably Scribe's, lie before her. This is merely one of those childish idiosyncrasies peculiar to the truly great mind. Provided with a volume of Scribe and a competent dictionary, Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMONS will, in a few quiet hours, evolve a comedy the like of which not HOWARD nor SARDOU nor GILBERT has ever written or ever will write.

I had the pleasure once of seeing one of the plays written by



HE ASPIRED TO BE THE LEADER OF HIS SET.

(And he is.)

MRS. DUNDETEUFEL SYMONS in her quiet hours. It was nobly interpreted by MRS. PUMPERNICKEL and a powerful company composed entirely of society persons. There was an edict that none of the LOWER CLASSES should be admitted to see it. And yet there was no riot. The LOWER CLASSES probably feared an uprising of the Seventh Regiment. The presentation was in the afternoon, and the ushers all wore lilies of the valley and an expression of great enthusiasm. The affair passed off like a dream. The floral offerings were numerous, costly and unique, and gloves by dozens were shredded in the final and tumultuous recall of all the characters before the curtain. Certainly it was all deserved. NOR BULWER NOR TAYLOR NOR HOWARD NOR SARDOU ever wrote a play like it, nor did RACHEL in her greatest days ever interpret a character as its characters were interpreted. The whole was harmonious—play, author and actors all of a level—a rare combination.

There has been another play written by MRS. DUNDETEUFEL SYMONS in recent quiet hours. I am dying to see it. Being familiar with French Drama, I enjoy these little careless fruits of quiet hours very much. I want to again see the New York critics, who can only damn the efforts of professional writers and actors, become so wildly impartial in the presence of a SOCIETY play that they can praise without stint both the author and her actors, as they deserve.

THE DIFFERENCE.

I AM sitting alone by the fire,
Dreaming the hours away;—
They're having a ball to-night—
At Seymour's, across the way.

Their house is brilliantly lighted—
Mine is shrouded in gloom.
Theirs is ringing with laughter,
Mine as still as a tomb.

Yes—I was invited
By Seymour himself. You know
He and I've been friends
Since ever so long ago.

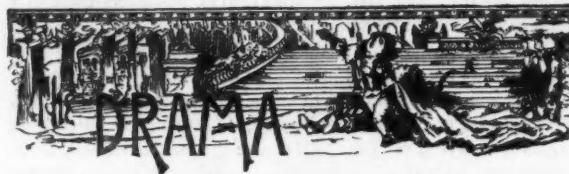
But I did n't care to attend—
There's a difference between us, you know.
Oh, no!—t's not that we've quarrelled!
Nothing like that—oh, no!

But—well, Seymour's married—
His wife *was* Minnie Lee;
And—yes—that's the difference
Which lies, now, 'twixt Seymour and me.
T. B. MAYNARDIER.

"GOT on your husband's cravat, have n't you?" asked a neighbor of Mrs. Bilkins. "Yes," replied Mrs. B., sadly, "It's the only tie there is between us now."

IN the Police Court, Monday, James Hard was convicted of complicity in the murder of Mrs. Mort. He left the court-room a wiser but abettor man.

J. J. J.



OF course, we were all there last week—Vanderbilt, Gould, Sage, and your conscientious critic. All the Aristocracy, that is to say. We take a deep interest in Mr. Abbey, the new American impresario, and in the new Metropolitan Opera House, a big house raised to glory of fashion—and music. We are also interested to some extent in Mr. Mapleson, who declares that he is backed by the first families. But then it is so hard to say what the first families are. A certain amount of respect is due to Mr. Mapleson, who has produced many prima donnas and tenors and doctors' certificates for the benefit of the American public. One does not like to turn against one's old friends. There was a large and lively audience in the Academy a week ago Monday night. But the Metropolitan Opera House was undoubtedly the correct thing. A few of the Knickerbockers and others who believe, in their poetic frenzy, that they are the illustrious descendants of Dutch boatmen and innkeepers and burghers, refused to prop Mr. Abbey's enterprise with their presence. Yet they were not missed. At about eight o'clock the line of carriages bound to the Opera House, extended from Central Park to the Battery. This, by the way, is hyperbole, though hardly worse than some of the wonderful yarns told so graphically in the newspapers by the "picturesque reporters." Well, we were all in the line. I had a coupé at a dollar an hour. Waiting in line, therefore, was a kind of suffering. It told on one's purse. However, the renaissance façade of the theatre was finally reached, and the crowd soon found itself in the vast and biliary auditorium of the new Opera House. Nothing could be more aesthetic than this great American theatre. Have you seen Mr. Whistler's arrangement in white and yellow at one of the art galleries on Broadway? The Opera House is not unlike it. It is a tremendous abyss of yellow, set off by a sage-green curtain and a prettily decorated ceiling. A symphony in lemon ice-cream, I should be inclined to call it. Tier upon tier of boxes rose above the parquet. Each of these boxes had the spare and melancholy look of a bathing house. As they were upholstered in yellow or something of the sort, the brilliant gentlemen and ladies who were safely buried in them, seemed as bilious in color as the theatre itself. I am constrained to quote at this point one of the picturesque reporters: "Golden heads seemed to blend" with the old gold of the curtains, and the "pale ivory tint failed to emphasize the soft silks and satins that rested against them." This is a melancholy fact. The "ivory tints" did fail to "emphasize" the soft silks and satins, etc. However, we are also informed that the wealth represented in the boxes amounted to \$540,000,000. An opera house, full of the musical clinking of coin is, I am sure, the right sort of an opera-house. The picturesque reporters discovered quickly and justly that the Opera House had been built as a setting to the glory of our millionaires. Nothing could be more true. The millionaires, without doubt, need a setting. The better the setting, the better for them. One of the reporters, in his noble appreciation of the millionaires, exclaimed with charming naïveté: "It is doubtful if a full-dress audience ever is enthusiastic." Of course not. Why should we be enthusiastic. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that "no one seemed impatient for the curtain to rise save a few ultra musical people in the gallery." Those wretched persons in the gallery, who climbed four steep stairways to view the artistic pate of *Venesi*—not Free and Easy, as an irreverent joker called him—and gaze at Mme. Nilsson through a telescope, should have restrained their impatience. It is only vulgarians who go to the Opera to hear. We, the aristocracy, codish and otherwise, go to see and to be seen. Many of the ladies in the boxes, indeed, occupied their time very properly in staring at their neighbors. Mr. Vanderbilt loomed up against a pallid background and appeared to enjoy the music, though his soul, probably, was filled

with a different sort of harmony. Poor Mr. Vanderbilt. He is forced to stand up for an entire class, and the class, it is said, cannot tell a B flat from a high C, nor a contralto from a mezzo-soprano. This is clearly malicious. Mr. Vanderbilt knows a flat when he strikes one. One of the newspapers, I am pleased to observe, commented fancifully upon the extreme modesty of Mr. Jay Gould, who sat hidden in his box, at the front of which, in sight of the audience, glowed the serene features of Mr. Russell Sage. Mr. Gould is essentially a modest man. The shy little thing is much too backward for this harsh world. Taken altogether, the virtues of our local aristocracy were remarked with pleasure and commendation upon this very interesting occasion.

There was, I ought to explain, a performance. Every one was not acquainted with this fact—but Campanini did sing, and Nilsson, and Scalchi, and Del Puente, and some others. Campanini was rather broken up, though he gave flashes of his old fire. Nilsson sang beautifully, after beginning a tone flat. The orchestra was superbly handled by Sig. Vienisi. The second night of the opera brought forward Mme. Sembrich and Sig. Naschman in "Lucia"—and both were immensely successful. At the Academy of Music, Mme. Gerster has been warbling like a bird. Mr. Abbey and Mr. Mapleson are certainly very clever managers. They are fighting each other hard, and their competition delights the millionaires, who pay the bills, and inspires those who can distinguish a B flat from a high C.

Last week it was the opera. This week it is Irving. Mr. Abbey has the trump cards. We are revelling in "The Bells" and "Charles I.," and we have discovered that "our dear Henry"—as that genial Texan steer, Mr. Tom Ochiltree, calls him—is, in appearance, midway between a Methodist minister and Oscar Wilde.

VIXEN.

PANE KILLER.—A snow-ball.

"BETTER lay-it than never," said the rooster to the hen. "What an egg-sample of idiocy," he remarked, as he ducked out of sight.

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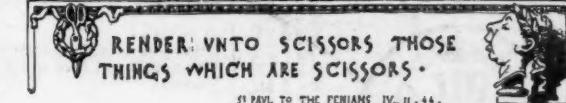
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ST PAUL TO THE FENIANS IV, II, 44.

If you prick a tree it keeps very still; no cry and no wincing. But if you prick a dog, it yelps and jumps. The tree has no nerves; the dog has nerves. This explains why the tree keeps so still, and why the dog makes such a fuss.

A nerve is a white thread running between two different parts of the body. Its business is to carry messages. You pinch the end of a dog's tail. There are white threads running from the end of a dog's tail to his brain. The message sent over these is the following:

"To Headquarters in the Skull:
There is an awful pinching here."

TIPENDOFTAIL."

When this message reaches the brain and is recorded and considered there, the brain sends back at once the following message:

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Jerk away from the pinch quick."

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The tail is jerked away and everything is lovely again. It is not the same white thread which conveys the pinching message, that brings back the jerking message. They look alike, but they are not alike. The one that carries the message from the end of the tail to the brain is called a nerve of feeling, and the white thread which brings back the message from the brain to the tail, commanding it to jerk, is called a nerve of motion.—*Profound Science, in Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

THERE is talk in Warren of lynching the man who evolved this toast in connection with the late muster: "Our fire engines, may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."—*Springfield Republican.*

IT is a grand thing to be a genius. Queen Victoria asked Tennyson to write a poem about John Brown, and in three days the poet had found five new rhymes for Brown, as follows: "Celluloid, instructable, perihelion, transactions, introcarpular and cairniclesiac. No poet living, save Mr. Tennyson, could have thought of these rhymes.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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The Critic

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"PLEASE help the blind," remarked the dealer in a cheap poker game.—*Hartford Journal*.

SAD jest by a policeman with a large family: "Yes, I'm a cop and I've many little copies."—*Courier Journal*.

AN Ohio legislator has introduced a bill to prevent overcrowding the churches, and his constituents think he is a genuine humorist.—*Hackensack Republican*.

WILKIE COLLINS, the novelist, is reported as wearing striped and spotted clothes. We haven't heard of it. How long is he in for?—*N. Y. Observer*.

HAD you got your thick flannels on?—*Boston Post*. Well, no. But at the same time we can't lend them to you—it is too late in the season.—*Phila. Evening Call*.

JAPAN is rapidly becoming civilized. It recently had a fire in a theatre by which seventy-five lives were lost and a number of people greatly injured.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

EX-Secretary EVARTS made the speech of welcome at the Coleridge dinner in New York. This is equivalent to saying that it was a long while between drinks.—*Norw. Herald*.

A CLERGYMAN was induced to visit a theatre one night by the report that a revival was going on there, but was disgusted to find it was a revival of the Black Crook.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

WE read in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach young ladies to be constantly expecting something of that kind and be prepared for it when it comes.—*Lowell Citizen*.

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"Two-cent postage hereafter." This important information we clip from the *Rome Sentinel*. It is good to have something settled about the great beyond, but we trust that nobody will give the whole thing away.—*Boston Transcript*.

A MAN and a wallet. It is morning. The wallet is full. The man puts it into his pocket and goes down town. Now it is night. Is the wallet full now? Oh, no. The wallet is empty and the man is full.—*Boston Star*.

EIGHT members of the Stone family, in Tennessee, on their way to church in an ox wagon, were run away with by a yoke of oxen and all tumbled into a creek without injury. This little spread gave a local paper a chance to say that it was one of the occasions when no Stone was left unturned in the effort to hear the gospel.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

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"Yes."

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"Yes."

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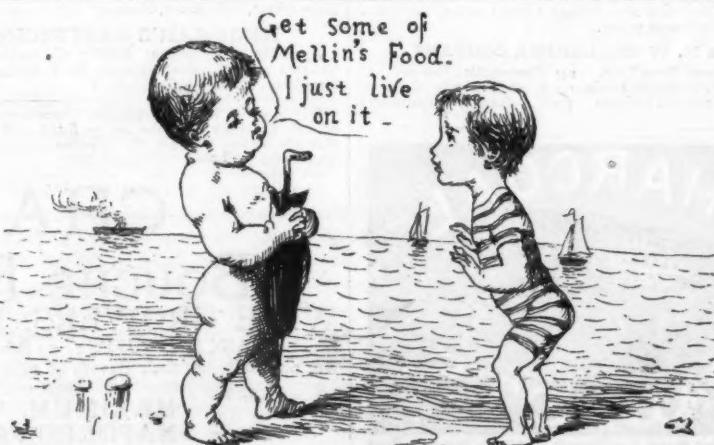
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